

as well. There are many in our churches and out of them who are in need of sympathy, and that will speak to their hearts a great deal louder than eloquent sermons or long prayers. What the man who is down wants is a lift. Let us make men feel that we love them, and that we mean to help them, and they will be helped. "The bread can not rise when the yeast is kept apart from the dough."

Happy is the man and blessed the woman who has in his or her soul that which gives to life the warmth of the sunshine, the redolence of the rose, and the freshness of the dew.

How to Spoil a Boy

Young Lutheran.

Let him have plenty of spending money.

Allow him to choose his companions and never ask who they are.

Give him a key and permit him to be out nights and get home when he pleases.

Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.

Have him understand that money and manners are substitutes for morality.

Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.

Let him believe that it is a disgrace to exercise at the end of a hoe handle so long as he or you can pay a man to take that exercise.

Show him that you have no faith in churches, Bibles and the like.

Teach him and train him thus, and if he doesn't go to the bad 'twill not be your fault.

Grow Straight

The Youth's Companion.

While boys and girls are growing they are forming their figure for life. Drooping the shoulders a little, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks more than the other, do not tend to form a straight figure or a graceful, easy-carriage.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house walk up to the wall, and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once, then in that attitude walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out, and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A southern school teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head well raised.

Sisters' Society C. E.

Thy Burden

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown.
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be."

—M. Farningham.

From the Field

I am now as far west as I shall go, and for the benefit of those possessed with misgivings respecting western customs or dangers let me say there has been no occasion for the slightest fear; on the contrary, I am carried in the lap of tender Christian care among the cluster of churches of which Falls City, Nebraska is the central one.

The first church visited was Silver Creek, situated in the country, four miles north of Falls City. It is one of the largest buildings in the Brotherhood, but their church attendance is small. The members who attend here and those of the Falls City church are all one congregation. Having no S. S. C. E. in the country some of the sisters gave their names as workers with the society in town.

The work in the Falls City church was most pleasant for me. We had an afternoon and two night's meetings together, and among the audience, besides the usual sympathetic members, were a few relatives and some acquaintances of my childhood days.

The afternoon meeting was quite well attended. Among those from the country was Mrs. Ellen G. Lichty with her little daughter Ruth, over a year old. She hasn't allowed this new joy to crowd out her old joy of giving, she being one of the first of the fourteen who took pledges for the support of the Bible department. Their collection, with the dollar from Silver Creek, amounted to \$7.04. Surely they are keeping up their reputation for giving which they have gained under their present pastor, Brother Braker.

After the meetings at Falls City, Brother and Sister Lichty, (A. H. Lichty's parents) took me to Kansas, to the home of Brother Burnworth, pastor of the Poney Creek church. Here I was rejoiced to meet once more with a bit of Ashland College—Mrs. Lichty and Maude.

In the place of the large Poney Creek church house that was blown away by that destructive cyclone of '96, they now have a pretty tho a smaller building. At their large and interesting Sunday school, I had the privilege of again hearing Brother E. L. Yoder, an old friend of the family. The next day, thru his kindness, a small company was dispatched to Sun Springs, a quiet and lovely summer resting place. The drive was a continual surprise of delightful country, beautiful farms with pretty lawns. To look over the wide expanse of Kansas plains was to feel a sense of greatness of some kind. At one point in the road, both Falls City and Hiawatha may be seen, one distant from the other eighteen miles. The mineral water at the springs is unusually pleasant and refreshing.

About seven miles farther east is the Bethany church which was a fellow sufferer with Poney Creek in that memorable cyclone of '96. Here, too, they have a pretty building, but the congregation is quite small. Brother Burnworth is pastor at both places at present;

but after serving Poney Creek twice as pastor, he closes his work at the end of the conference year, also at Bethany.

At both places the S. S. C. E. has at times been the main stay of the church, humanly speaking. At Bethany the sisters earned over two hundred dollars for the building of their church. Each society has taken a pledge to pay \$6 00 for Ashland College: the first took an endowment pledge, and Bethany a pledge for the support of the Bible department. The collection at Poney Creek amounted to \$6 00, at the other, \$2.00. Several also took individual pledges. Mrs. Lichty has been helping to secure these pledges. We are enjoying the kind hospitality that one always finds at Brother Bergers. Little after sunrise this morning we had the novel pleasure of a horse-back ride—riding on one of the "tame" horses of the "wild" West.

I am somewhat hurried in my work thru this state because of conference coming so soon. When this communication reaches you, there will be but two weeks before conference opens. Are we almost ready for it? Recently I found a society that hadn't sent in its annual report, because of not receiving the blank report. Please read what I said last week, and don't let this keep any society from making its report for the year's work and from sending it to Mrs. Perry, North Manchester, Indiana. Tell how many members you have, and what you have done, if only a little, and how many meetings, etc. Don't fail. Are we all yet working with our papers? Remember there will be no sales table, but free will offerings from any local treasury or from any individual will be gladly received. Send a delegate if possible and give them a credential properly filled out. There will be important business to transact at this conference.

On my way to conference I expect to stop at the mission in Chicago where my mail will reach me until the 26th. (940 W. Van Buren St.)

VIANNA DETWILER.

Hamlin, Kansas, Aug. 9, 1900.

Our Young People

Waiting for My Soul

MRS. F. BURGE GSIWOLD.

"For, lo they lie in wait for my soul." *Psa. 59:3.*

Who are these that so beleaguer
My immortal soul?
With a vigilance, so eager
For the full control?

Now, the forms of light, surrounding,
Beckon me away,
To the home where love abounding
Makes eternal day.

Now the evil angels pressing,
Lure me from the right,
Far from hope, and joy, and blessing,
Toward the realms of night.

God of mercy! hold me! shield me
When the bad assail!
Never to the evil yield me!
Let the good prevail.

—American Messenger